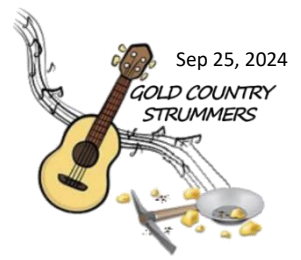


Music by Zac Brown & Wyatt Durrette  
Lyrics by John Pontious

# Bacon Fried

(Chicken Fried - parody)



**Intro: C C G G F F C G**

You know I like my <sup>C</sup>bacon fried, a <sup>G</sup>bacon burger on a Friday night  
Now my jeans they fit too tight, and my cholesterol's <sup>C G C</sup>uuu - up

**Interlude: C G G F F C G**

Well, I was raised on a farm in northern lo-wa, that was home ya know  
Maid-Rites, pie, and breaded pork tender-loins, where the tall corn grows  
And our barn it wasn't much to talk a - bout  
But it was filled with little piggies <sup>C G F G↓ n.c.</sup>runnin' all a-round to make

**Chorus:**

<sup>n.c. C G</sup>A little bit of bacon fried. a <sup>G</sup>bacon burger on a Friday night  
<sup>F C G</sup>Now my jeans they fit too tight, and my cholesterol's <sup>C G</sup>uuu - up  
<sup>C G</sup>I like to see the sun - rise. Three scrambled lots a <sup>G</sup>bacon on the side  
<sup>F C G</sup>Not too crisp, but done just right It's the taste that I <sup>C G</sup>lo - ove

<sup>C G F G</sup>It's funny how those little slabs of life go good with toast  
<sup>C G F G</sup>Is it chewy? Or, a bit of crunch, that you like the most?

<sup>C G F G</sup>It used to squeal, now it's a tasty meal. After cookin' it real slow  
<sup>C G F G↓ n.c.</sup>Listen to the sizzle of that cute little pig and that a-roma that you know, From

<Chorus>

**Interlude: C C G G F F C G**

I thank God for my wife who satisfies my appetite  
Pan, oven, or even air fried. it makes me si - i - ing  
Salute the piggies that have died, the ones that gave their lives  
So we don't have to sacrifice all the things we <sup>C G↓ n.c.</sup>lo - ve like

<Chorus> **C C G C (sustain)**

